

Oak Street
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BAMBOO AND PINE

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1842

To
Pres. David Kinley,
In memory of
happy days at
Illinois,

P. A. Smith,

Evanston, Ill.

July 4, 1934.

Bamboo and Pine

TO
MY WIFE

Who, for almost thirty
years has shared
with me

“ The struggles, the loves,
the prayers and smiles
of daily life.”

FOREWORD.

This little volume is being sent out to a few persons here and there, not because any of the poems which it contains are great, or because anyone thinks they are so. The ideas expressed in them have, however, each in its proper place, helped at least the one who wrote them down in this form, either to pray better, to laugh more heartily, or to appreciate more fully some of the good things of life. So it is possible that they may be of help in the same way to some of those whom it is his privilege to call his friends, and it is in the hope that this may be true that the little book is put forth.

The title may seem a little strange, but aside from the fact that both the bamboo and the pine have a deep significance to all who know Japan, standing as they do for the New Year joy, long life and happiness, they also mean something still more to the writer. The bamboo, with its slender stem rising straight upward toward the sky seems to point out for us the way toward God, the way we would like to go if we could, the straight and narrow way that is found by the few. On the other hand, anyone who has seen a Japanese pine with its branches gnarled and bent into all sorts of fantastic yet often artistic shapes by the storms which it has weathered, will hardly fail to see in it a

1915
David
Pine
Bamboo
1915

symbol of our human lives, battered, twisted and even stunted by our struggles with self and sin, but in the end, by the grace of God, triumphing over all difficulties, and made even more beautiful by our trials. So it seemed fitting that these two should be chosen to symbolize the thoughts here set forth, our aspirations which reach straight out toward God, the things we long for, and, mingled with them the realities, the struggles, the loves, the prayers and smiles of our daily lives.

Hikone, Japan,
Christmas, 1932.

P. A. SMITH.

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A Christmas Wish.

Today we are glad of the lowly birth
Of Him who came to the waiting earth,

Bringing us joy and light and love
And all good gifts from the Father above.

And I pray that all this bright good cheer
May fill your heart throughout the year ;

May make you joyous, happy and bright ;
May make your burdens ever light ;

And may each Christmas with its cheer,
Bring all these blessings year by year,

Until at last, our journey done,
The Father gently calls us home.

Faith.

If you can see
Your highest hopes
And fondest visions,
Things that years of toil
Have brought almost
To firm reality,
Hopes not for self alone,
But all for others,
Visions high as heaven ;
If you can see all these
Go glimmering out
Like sunset fading into night,
Because some poor short-visioned soul
Who might have helped
To make them real,
And won undying glory thus,
Has failed :

If you can see
Your fairest castle in the air,
That only now seemed hardening
Into marble parapet and stately tower,
Great arches that you thought
Might stand for ages,
A boon to all mankind,
For years to come ;
If you can see all this
Go crumbling into dust
Because some dullard
Has failed to see
Beyond the tiny circle
Lit by the feeble rush-light
Of his own narrow soul :

If you can see
The tower you've really built
With blood and tears,
The thing you've put
Your very life into
And felt all the while
That this, at least,
Was worth the doing,
Because you wrought with God
As fellow-workman ;
If you can see all this
Come crashing down
Until the whole
Is but a cruel mockery
Of all you hoped it might have been,
Because some faint heart
Blinded to the vision
Failed:

If you can see all this,
And smile, and say,
“ Come on, we'll try again ; ”
Go straight ahead
And build once more,
That's *Faith* ;
For only he who sees
The way God works,
The long slow years
That go to make the ages,
Can do all this.

Our Father Who Art in Heaven.

"Our Father," up in heaven?
Out beyond those stars
So far away?
I cannot think that He dwells only there,
For when life's woes come pouring o'er me,
Like waves that break across the decks
Of some poor shattered hulk;
When all seems lost,
And battered, bruised, and sore,
I lie upon life's sands and pant for breath,—
I feel His hand on mine,
I hear a voice
That calls me back to life and hope,
And sends me out to fight again
With strength renewed.

No, heaven is here, right here and now;
And He is here.
He is no distant lord
Who looks upon His people from afar;
He tends us close, fills all our hearts with love.
And thrills through every fiber of our being
If we but ope the doors
And let Him in.

An Everlasting Love.

O God who dost our lives behold
From Thy great throne above,
'Tis Thou alone canst speak such words,
"An everlasting love."

Our love is strong as death, 'tis true,
But Thine will *never* fail ;
For death but brings us nearer Thee,
To the joy within the veil.

And Thou hast said in Thine own Word,
In earth or heaven above,
There's naught can take from us this joy,
Thine everlasting love.

And yet I know if in my heart
Self stand, still undenied,
E'en love like this availeth not,
E'en though for me Christ died.

'Tis hard to fling that self away,
Give all my heart to Thee ;
Yet only if that self be gone
Thy love can shelter me.

Lord, help me, then, to conquer self,
In Thee to live and move,
To find in Thee my life, my all,
In everlasting love.

A Prayer for the Times.

O God, who art Our Father still
In spite of sin and shame,
We bow before Thee, penitent,
For sinning in Thy name.

Forgive us that with greedy hands
We clutch at gold unclean,
At treasure stained with sweat and blood,
Wrung from the souls of men.

Forgive the false and foolish pride
That scorns the woman, sold,
But grasps the hand that keeps her slave
Because of rank and gold.

O God the Son, who for us men
Hung suffering on the tree,
Forgive the hands that once again
Are crucifying Thee.

O God the Spirit, holy, pure,
O cleanse our hearts of pride,
And wash them in that precious blood
That flowed from Jesus' side.

We oft forget Thy presence still
Is with us hour by hour,
And so we turn to men for aid,
And lean on human power.

We oft forget that in Thy name
We still may seek the throne,
There find the strength to do Thy will,
The Father's gift alone.

Teach us that in Thy strength alone
Is victory secure ;
Teach us once more men are but clay,
And that God's arm is sure.

Take from us all that love of show
That sees man's outward part ;
Help us to see as God doth see,
To look upon the heart.

Help us with courage and with faith.
To fight the gilded sin ;
But help us by Thy love and power
To bring Thy lost sheep in.

O Father, Savior, Comforter,
O God the Three in One,
Help us to lean on Thee alone.
So shall Thy will be done.

Amen.

Duty's Drudge.

The victor rides in his car of state
And his brow wears the laurel crown ;
The crowd goes mad with wild acclaim,
The hats go up and heads bow down.

For he is the man who has shown his strength,
He has made men feel his might ;
He has done the task he tried to do ;
He has conquered in the fight.

But what of him whom duty calls
To a task for his strength too great,
Who struggles on with his heavy load,
Bent down 'neath its crushing weight.

There are times when he longs for a little rest,
For a moment to ease his back ;
But his ears still ring with duty's call
And he hears her whiplash crack.

The world goes by with a gay, mad rush
And wonders why he's slow ;
It wonders why he bears that load,
For his call it can never know.

It jeers at the crook in his aching back,
It laughs at his panting breath ;
And little it cares when the end has come
And he takes his rest in death.

But when at last that end has come,
Unnoticed and unknown,
The God who knows what he tried, and why,
Will give him the victor's crown.

After the Fight.

Buffeted ?

Yes, for the blows rained down
Till my very soul was sore ;
They fell on my heart one after one
Till it seemed I could bear no more.

Bruised ?

Yes, for the blows were hard,
And there seemed to be no end ;
Till my heart cried out for the healing touch
Of the hand of a trusted friend.

Baffled ?

Yes, for the blows were struck
By the hand of a hidden foe ;
And how or why he served me thus,
Perhaps I shall never know.

Broken ?

No, for I've done my best,
I've played the Christian's part ;
Though the iron entered my very soul,
And pierced my inmost heart.

Beaten ?

No ! for I've kept my faith
That God's right arm is sure ;
I've done the thing that I knew was right,
And kept my purpose pure.

His Work.

To make this world just one shade better
Because we have lived for a while ;
To wipe from some face a troubled frown
And leave in its place a happy smile ;

To open a window in some dark place
And let the sunshine in ;
To help some comrade, down and out,
To rouse his courage to go and win ;

To check some evil deed at the start
And put a good one in its place ;
To lift the load from a burdened heart
Or smooth the lines from a careworn face.

These are things the Master did
When He trod this earth of ours,
And they are things you and I can do,
Though we haven't wondrous powers.

The Land of My Dreams.

Over there is the land of my dreams,
Over there on the hills in the mist,
 Where the clouds and the sun mingle bright ;
Where the mountains rise dim
In the deep distant haze,
 All bathed in the sunset's soft light.

Over there in that land
Are the deeds that I'd do,
 The castles I build in the air ;
And it gives me a joy
As I gaze on that land
 That lifts my heart far above care.

Over there in that beautiful land
Are the days of my youth, long ago,
 When the road stretched out far, far before ;
When the world looked so wide
And was all of it mine,
 As I dreamed of what life had in store.

There, too, in that far-away land
Are the faces I loved long ago,
 The friends that I long, long to see ;
Their faces loom soft
In the golden-clear mist,
 I can hear them call softly to me.

Just beyond that bright land of my dreams
Is the goal that we near day by day,
 The place where we lay down our burdens and rest
In that far-away land
Where the Father waits all
 And where all of His children are blessed.

The National Art Gallery.

I've been wand'ring today among men
Who have each left a deathless name,
Carved high on the dizzying heights
Of the temple of earthly fame.

They put their dreams on canvas
And left them for men to see ;
Teaching their beauty and goodness
To people like you and me.

Some painted the human form
In all of its beautiful lines ;
And some had their dreams of nature
In each of her moods and times.

But here and there in the midst of all,
Was a Babe and a Mother sweet,
With kings and peasants and saints
All kneeling at their feet.

Sometimes 'twas the Child grown old,
His body gaunt with pain,
Hanging still on a cross
Or in the dark tomb-lain.

I like to see the faces
Of that happy group of three,
Mary and Joseph and the Child that came
To earth for you and me.

And even the feeling of horror
That comes when I look above
At the stark worn form on the cross,
Is lost in the sense of His love.

But there's something I miss in it all,
For Jesus is more to me
Than just a Babe in His mother's arms
And a dying Christ on the tree.

Where is the Christ who called to men,
The hungry, the thirsty, the poor and lone,
The friend of the sinner and down-trodden slave,
Who promised them rest and home?

Where is the Jesus whose arms of steel
Could swing the axe, make the hammer ring,
Could lift a babe with a mother's touch
Or life and health to the dying bring?

I wish that some new great man
Would see the Christ-vision again,
Would paint Him for us to see
As He walked this earth among men.

Would show us the Master's face
As it glowed with its message of love ;
When He talked to the poor and the lonely
Of the love of the Father above ;

Would show us the brawny Shepherd
With some little child on his arm,
Nestling there in sweet content,
Safe from fear and harm.

Or perhaps some mighty seer
Could paint Him as He rose,
The mighty more than conqueror
Of death, the last of foes.

Let us have no less of the manger,
The Mother and cross, but then,
Let us see more and more of the *Man*
As he walked here on earth among men.

From a Car Window.

The rugged rocks and the stream between,
The red of the maples among the green ;

The deep blue sky and the valley mist,
The tops of the hills by the sun-light kissed ;

The winding road and the ripening grain,
The flaring red of Inari's fane ;

Little stone Buddhas, all in line,
An aproned Jizo in his tiny shrine ;

These are things that catch my eye
As the bumping train goes rattling by.

And I think of the gifts that God has given
When He tried to make this earth like heaven ;

When He gave all these good things to man
Who seems to spoil them all he can ;

For the cities he builds and where he dwells
Are little better than earthly hells ;

Where narrow lane and crowded street
Are filled with the tramp of weary feet

That never knew the hills so free
That God has given to you and me ;

Where gold and hunger ply the goad
And many a soul sinks 'neath its load ;

Where spirits dry and shrivel and rot
In stately mansion and humble cot ;

Where lust and sin sweep man to his doom
In lordly hall and tenement room ;

These are thoughts that come in my head
As the rattling train goes bumping ahead.

And I pray that soon the time may come
When man shall make his earthly home

A blossoming Eden like heaven above,
Fill it with flowers, sunshine and love ;

Will cease his mad, wild rush for gold
A race where his very soul is sold ;

Will lift his eyes to his God above
And as himself his neighbor love.

This is the prayer my heart lifts up
As the creaking brake brings the train to a stop.

The Old and the New.

I have seen the temple towering
 The humbler roofs above,
And its graceful curves seemed calling
 To rest and calm and love.

I have seen the thronging thousands
 With their heads all bowed in prayer ;
I have heard the hum of their " Namu "
 As it rose through the quiet air.

I have seen " The Light of Asia "
 As it sways the hearts of men,
Making them gentler, kinder,
 As they turn to their tasks again.

I have heard the boom of the temple bell
 As it calls at the close of day ;
I have felt the power of its magic spell
 In the evening twilight grey.

I have gazed on the great bronze Buddha
 With its calm repose and power ;
I have felt the charm of that gentle face
 In the quiet evening hour.

But when quake and fire had done their work,
 And had swept the city bare,
Then naught was left but ash and stone
 In the place of the temple there.

The city was full of suffering,
 There was need for rescue then ;
There was need for a brighter, stronger love
 Than Buddha taught to men.

So a building rose where that temple had stood,
 A refuge from hunger and pain ;
A place where all might come for rest,
 The poor, and sick, and lame.

I saw a mark on that place of hope
 That they built where the temple stood ;
But 'twas not the sign of the Buddha's love,
 'Twas the cross of the Son of God.

A Prayer.

Lord Jesus, as I tread alone
The path that leads me on,
Back to toil and sweat,
To scorching heat and petty care,
Away from friends and pleasures sweet,
From cooling heights and valleys deep,
Help me to think on Thee.

For Thou hast known the lonely road,
The stifling dust, the scorching heat,
The sweat and petty care ;
Thou, too, didst often leave behind
The cooling heights of Olivet
And valleys sweet of Galilee.

When sinews ache and limbs are tired,
When heavy grow my eyes,
When pain, with dull and ceaseless throb
Takes hold on heart and soul,
Then, Savior, walk beside me here
And let me place my hand in Thine ;
So shall Thy love and tender care
Keep from my heart those bitter thoughts
That poison life and kill our joy.

* * * *

I thank Thee, Lord, that Thou hast come
In answer to my cry ;
Thy cooling touch has healed my pain ;
The throb, the fever, all are gone,
Once more, O Master, can I lift my head
And say,
“ Lead on ! I follow

Where Thou and Duty call.”
Though sinews ache and brow be wet,
Though burdens be great and the way be lone,
My heart is filled with joy once more,
For its burden has vanished and gone.

The Hero.

High on the top of the cliff
The gaunt old oak tree stands,
Still lifting up to heaven
His gnarled and knotted hands.

His feet are firmly planted
Deep in the rock below ;
His arms still wave defiance
To all the storms that blow.

His trunk is scarred with fires
That swept bare earth and stone ;
But still *he* stands triumphant,
Twisted, gaunt, and lone.

The months and years pass o'er him,
The wind and sun beat down ;
Yet time but toughens his sinews ;
No master will he own.

He seems like some stark old giant
Upon a bloody field,
Where foemen rage around him ;
Who fights, but ne'er will yield.

O God, in our strife with evil,
Help us to be like that tree,
Our feet on the rock of Thy righteousness,
Our hands stretched out toward Thee.

Help us to stand four square
To the blasts of hell that come ;
Help us, though scarred and broken,
To stand, till the battle's done.

Our Crosses.

Take up thy cross and follow Him,
Though thorny be the road ;
Shirk not the task that each day brings,
Whatever be thy load.

The happy souls who can look up
And see the face of God,
Are those who tread this rock-strewn way,
The path the Master trod.

For some, the cross is heavy, hard,
And hid from the sight of men ;
Brave souls that, be they strong or weak,
Fall but to rise again.

Sometimes the cross is lifted high,
That all the world may see ;
But in our hearts the strife goes on,
Whate'er the cross may be.

But Jesus knows the cross of each
And giveth strength to all ;
His hand is ever near to guide,
To lift us when we fall.

His voice still sounds to cheer us on
When heavy grows the load ;
He knows each stumbling block and stone,
For He has trod that road.

O Jesus, Master, give us strength,
As days and years shall come,
Until at last that morn shall rise
When the Father calls us home.

A Good Friday Prayer.

O Savior, who didst bear Thy cross
Because of sin of mine,
Help me to bear my cross each day,
As Thou didst carry Thine.

Keep from me every thought of ill,
Of envy, hate and strife,
And fill my heart, like Thine, with love,
With patience, light and life.

Help me to stand in silence, too,
Before man's judgement seat ;
Keep from my heart all evil thought,
My lips from words unmeet.

Or if my cross too heavy be,
And I faint upon the road,
Stretch forth Thy hand in pity, Lord,
And help me bear my load.

And if e'en Calvary I must climb,
My soul and body racked with pain,
Thy gentle touch shall heal my wounds,
And make me whole again.

When earthly friends seem cold and hard,
And even God seems far away,
Help me to feel, in that dark hour,
That faith and love shall bring the day.

So oft, O Lord, Thy help has come
To strengthen this poor heart of mine,
'Twould seem I could not doubt again
A love so great as Thine.

But Lord, O bear with me each time
I falter, trembling, in the fight,
Until at last I see Thee clear
And faith is lost in sight.

“ Come Unto Me ”

“ Come unto Me,” the Savior calls ;
His voice is soft and clear ;

“ Ye who bend neath heavy burdens,
Ye who shed the bitter tear.

“ I have toiled with axe and hammer,
Trode the scorching noon-day road ;
I have oft been hungry, weary ;
I have borne the heavy load.

“ See, these hands, so rough and wound-scarred,
Oft have made the hammer ring ;
I have known each pain and sorrow,
Every pang the world can bring.

“ Come to Me and take My yoke
On thy shoulder, galled and sore ;
I will help thee bear thy burden ;
I am with thee evermore.

“ See, My burden is not heavy,
Thou shalt find it easy, light ;
Follow Me, thy path leads upward.
Leave behind thee sin and night.

“ Follow Me, sin’s slave no longer ;
Tread thy path like freeman born ;
Bright thine eye with joy enkindled,
Fresh thy strength with every morn.

“ So through life thy path shall brighten,
Lighted by the Father’s love ;
Till at last, thy journey ended,
Thou shalt find thy rest above.”

The Nara that Was Yesterday.

The glory has departed ;
The dusty street, the ruined wall,
The time-worn tower and temple hall
Are all that's left
Of Nara that was yesterday.

Yet when I hear the temple bell
Boom out across the plain,
I close my eyes and seem to see
The city rise again.

I see her princes, proud and high,
In robes of silk all gay ;
I see the people bowing low
As they pass along their way.

I see the lordly Samurai,
And hear the tramp of his armed heel ;
I hear the beat of horses' hoofs
And the clink of steel on steel.

I hear the priests with bell and book
Once more intone their prayer ;
And I think of the age of mighty faith
That placed those temples there.

The echo dies across the plain,
The vision passes on ;
The princes, priests and Samurai,
Once more all are gone.

Yet still the great bronze Buddha stands,
One sign that has not flown,

A sign of the faith that once reached out
To find the great unknown.

God grant that we may not despise
The faith with which they wrought ;
May we not lose our hold
On the things for which they sought.

But may we find the better way,
That leads us up to God,
That leads *beyond* those ancient paths
The priests of that day trod.
In Nara that was yesterday.

The Father.

He is with thee in the morning
 When the day begins to dawn ;
'Tis His beauty that thou see'st
 In the dewy, sparkling lawn.

Thou canst see Him in the glory
 Of the blazing noon-day sun,
And He calls thee in the twilight
 When the day's full course is run.

Thou canst see Him in the moon-beams,
 In their calm and peaceful ray ;
He is with thee every moment,
 Through the night and through the day.

He is with thee on the mountain,
 On the rugged, lonely crest ;
Thou canst find Him in the forest,
 Where the wild bird builds her nest.

In the city's deafening uproar,
 Mid the toil and rush of life,
Thou canst hear His voice still calling
 Through the clashing noise of strife.

He is with thee in that chamber
 Where two or three come in His name ;
Or if thou seek'st Him in thy closet,
 Thou shalt find Him still the same.

All the while His eye is on thee,
 Watching with a father's love ;
Wheresoe'er thy feet may wander,
 He is watching from above.

Then let no morrow's heavy cares
 Fill thy soul with boding fear ;
Let thy heart escape these burdens
 In the thought that God is near.

Christian then, go forth and labor,
 Do thy duty, day by day ;
Tread the path in which He leads thee,
 Though steep and rugged be the way.

Then through life shall joy attend thee,
 Wheresoe'er thy lot be cast ;
Till at length, thy labor ended,
 He shall call thee home at last.

The Many Mansions.

In our Father's house are many mansions ;
If it were not so He would have told us.
And in those mansions dwell
The loved ones gone before.
They wait for us.
They and our Savior, too ;
They wait and watch for us.

We cannot see their faces,
Yet we know, by faith, they're there.
Sometimes the veil seems almost lifted
And we feel them near us,
Hear echoes of loved voices
From that far-off shore, within our souls ;
And then the vision passes on
And we are left alone.

But when our time shall come
To cross that unknown flood,
Then each dear face will be upon that shore
To welcome us with that same love
We knew when they were here ;
And that shall make our parting here less sad,
For broken ties shall be renewed
And we shall know that some day
All those we leave behind
Shall come to us,
And we shall welcome them in turn.
And when we welcome them,
Our hearts shall know
No fear of parting more,
For in that house there is no death,
But only life and love

Forever,
For God is there,
And He is all in all.

The Two-fold Call.

"Follow Me," the Master's call
Comes ringing down the years ;
"Give us life," the cry comes up,
Half choked with bitter tears.

It comes from sotted home and heart ;
It echoes through our slums,
From hearts that long for more of life,
For a love that never comes.

It comes from restless youth and age,
Who seek they know not what ;
They only know they cannot rest,
Want something they have not.

It comes from far-off foreign lands
That never knew God's love ;
From men who struggle in the dark,
Seeking things above.

O ye who know the love of God,
Whose lives are full and free,
Can ye not hear that stifled cry
That rises up to thee ?

Can ye not see that Christ's command
Is for us, one and all ?
That now, as then, He seeketh men
Who heed His ringing call ?

Go, follow then, the Master's steps,
Give life, give self, give all ;
Go, heed thy suffering brother's cry,
Obey that two-fold call.

Strike !

In the dark and evil hour
When temptation comes in power,
When the sin-clouds darkly lower,
Strike ! For God and Christ and fellowman !

When Satan comes in guise of light,
With promise sure of fond delight,
Turn thee then, and for the right,
Strike ! For God and Christ and fellowman !

When thou see'st evil rife,
Wrong and right in mortal strife,
Then would'st thou save e'en thine own life,
Strike ! For God and Christ and fellowman !

When thy brother lieth low,
Beaten down by many a blow,
Dealt by sin, thy common foe,
Strike ! For God and Christ and fellowman !

When despair shall seize thy heart,
Hope and friends shall all depart,
Never play a coward's part,
Strike ! For God and Christ and fellowman !

My Brother's Keeper.

Am I my brother's keeper?
Is mine the fault that he lies there
So sick and faint,
His hungry brood around him?
I never touched *his* bread;
I earn my own,
And he must do the same
Or die.

Am I my brother's keeper?
Am I to bear his burden
Because he is too feeble-willed
To do the work God gave him?
Was it I who made his hand unskilled,
His brain so weak
He cannot earn his daily bread?

Am I my brother's keeper?
Am I to leave my pleasures,
Give up my joys,
Because some sickly infant cries
Whose mother cannot give it care nor food?
'Tis not *my* child,
It was not I who gave it life.

Am I my brother's keeper?
Have I not given him gold already?
Where is it now?
Does he want pleasure?
Some good things of life
For those he calls his children?
Why cannot he, as I,
Take what God gives,
And be content therewith?

Am I my brother's keeper ?
Remember, he who gives
May make an honest man a beggar.
I would give,
But fear I break his will to do,
And make him poor and weak ?
What can I, dare I, do ?

Am I my brother's keeper ?
Ye *dare* not lay the guilt
Beside *my* door
If some poor weakling
Falls beneath his load ;
I was made for life,
Free life, and full ;
I will not give it up
For that poor wretched, worthless thing.

Yea, God hath said
Thou art thy brother's keeper,
And ye who stand
So straight and strong
Must bear thy weaker brother's burden.

He is thy brother,
That poor weakling, struggling hard
Against the fate
That reaches out its bony hand
To drag him down
To sin and shame and death.

He is thy brother,
That poor babe,
Ill-fed and whimpering with the cold,
Whose mother, perchance,

Knows not what to do
E'en if she had the power.

He is thy brother,
Can ye not see those haunting eyes,
The mother, anxious for her brood?
See how they peer at thee
Out from behind that bright fair form
Across the banquet board.
Does not her silent, pleading cry
Sound e'en above the music of the dance?

Art thou thy brother's keeper?
Yea, that thou art;
And God hath said
That thou shalt help him
Bear his burden,
Else *thine* shall be the loss,
For thou shalt lose
That priceless treasure,
That joy all unexcelled,
The glow that comes
When we have laid upon the altar,
Not gold alone, that costs us naught,
But pleasures,
Something of the richness of our lives,
Our very selves,
To meet another's need,
A sacrifice
Well pleasing unto God.

The Silver Wedding.

Yes, Love, that night
We looked into each other's eyes
And saw, adown the years,
A dream. Nay, 'twas a vision ;
And it made our hearts leap
Like some wild thing,
And then stand still in awe
For very joy.

And now these years have passed ;
The path we saw before us then
Now lies behind, in part.
We know tonight
That when we saw that dream
The kindly distance
Covered many a thorn
And sharp-edged stone
That tore and bruised us as we passed :
Our very hearts' blood
Stains the road in places,
Here and there.
E'en now the scars
Are scarcely healed ;
And when a rougher clod
Strikes some old wound
It makes us wince in pain.

And when I see your feet
All bleeding
With some new cruel gash,
God knows how gladly
Would I bear the pain,
If love could compass it.
Sometimes I've wished I could

But lift you in my arms
And carry you
Along some smoother road,
Just live for you alone.
But when such thoughts have come
I've always known
That that could never be ;
You would not have me leave
The path where God and duty call ;
And more, yours is the stouter heart,
For when my feet are sore,
Or some rough briar
Tears my flesh anew,
And courage falls,
It is your hand
That heals the hurt,
Your voice that gives me strength anew
And makes me feel
I would be lost
Without your presence near me
As I toil along the way.

And yet, Love, was that dream a lie ?
Has not life well been worth the living
As we have passed
Along its pathway
Hand in hand ?
Some flowers we saw that night
Were faded ere we reached them ;
But there were others
That we saw not then
That oft have cheered us
When the road was hard.

I know not how it fares with you—
For every heart has depths

Where even love may not intrude—
But for myself,
The mad, wild beauty
That I saw that night
Has passed away.
The road is there,
But now I know
That sharpest thorns and keen-edged stones
Are hidden all along,
I know their lurking places
Better than before.

And so, tonight,
As I look into your eyes
I see another dream,
Mayhap a calmer one
A path that has its thorns
And jagged rocks, 'tis true,
But has its flowers,
More quiet-hued
Than those we saw before.
They dot the meadows green
And nod beside cool shaded lanes.
The path leads on
By waters still,
Encircled round
By love's clear sunshine,
Far out beyond the bounds of time
To where God waits,
And where we two
Shall find our rest
And balm for every wound
In His
And in each other's love
Through all eternity.

Memories.

Say, Love, do you remember
That kiss, our very first,
With my arm encircled round you,
And our hearts just like to burst?

Say, Love, do you remember,
In the train another day,
When I kissed you as you started
For your home so far away?

And, Love, do you remember
The day I pressed your hand
As I stepped down the narrow bridge
To a strange and foreign land?

I know, Love, you remember
When they joined us two in one,
And sent us off together
To make and build a home.

And, Love, do you remember
That happy summer morn,
When you lay so white in the early light,
And smiled on our own first-born?

Yes, Love, I know you remember
Those mountain-tops of joy,
When God has given a glimpse of heaven,
And told us to enjoy.

But Love, do you remember
The moments sad and grim,
When the hand of God seemed heavy
Though it drew us nearer Him?

O Love, do you remember
The night when you stood alone,
And felt the breath of the angel of death
As he took our first-born home ?

Yes, love, and I remembered
Mid the rush and roar of the train
That I'd find my love serene,
Though her heart was wrung with pain.

Yes, Love, and I still remember
How many and many a time
We have trod such paths together
Since you placed your hand in mine.

And now we're bound together,
Your heart and mine in one,
And I pray that they may not sever
Till our journey here is done.

I pray that God, when He calls us,
Won't leave one here alone,
But take us both together
When He gently brings us home.

Apart.

I wish I could look in your eyes, Dearie,
And see the love-light there ;
I wish I could put my arms round you
And stroke the white threads in your hair.

For I'm thinking tonight of you, Dearie,
And you are so far away,
And my arms just ache to enfold you,
And hold you just tight, this way.

For my life is bound up with yours, Dearie,
We've grown so much to be one,
That I just can't call it living
When I'm off this way alone.

And my heart is aching tonight, Dearie,
For a sight of that love-light again,
For that is the one most precious
Of God's gifts to the sons of men.

And I think of the milestone, too, Dearie,
The one you've just now passed,
Just one more on the roadway
That leads us all home at the last.

But I can't regret them, Dearie,
For they each make you dearer to me,
If dearer than you have been
Could ever possibly be.

And so, God keep you, Dearie
Though the silver threads come in your hair,
For there's only one light on my pathway,
Your eyes, and the love-light there.

Keeping Her Promise.

Maybe big folks think it's easy
To lie in the dark here alone,
Here in this big strange room,
And Mother and Daddy gone.

There's folks in the house, I know,
But they're all of 'em new, you see ;
They're nice, but there isn't one
Like Mother or Daddy to me.

But I promised Daddy I wouldn't cry
And gave him a hug and a kiss ;
So I just put my face in the pillow
And shut my lips tight, like this.

Sometimes the crys push hard,
But I won't let out a one ;
'Cause I promised Daddy I wouldn't
While he and Mother are gone.

Bye and bye the Sandman'll come,
And I'll go to sleep and then
When I wake up in the morning
They'll both be home again.

And I'll give 'em each a hug and a kiss
And tell 'em I didn't cry,
'Cause I promised Daddy I wouldn't.
And they'll both be glad—and so'll I.

* * * *

Dear little dimpled knightling,
With Mother and Daddy gone,
Fighting for baby honor
There in the dark alone ;

Fighting to keep your promise
 Like any knight with his sword,
Fighting for lady love
 Or to keep his plighted word ;

That promise you gave to Daddy
 And sealed with a hug and a kiss
Just had to be kept, of course,
 Though you had to fight like this.

It may be that Mother and Daddy
 Are the only folks that know
How hard was your baby battle
 To keep your word just so.

But God was watching, Darling,
 And was glad you won the fight,
And kept your promise to Daddy,
 In the dark alone that night.

Her Baby.

She was only a dear little four-year-old
And she wanted a baby brother ;
For in her loving little breast
There beat the heart of a mother.

So she prayed to God to send her one,
For she knew no other way ;
She prayed and prayed with a steady faith,
A faith that naught could sway.

And then one night the answer came,
A dear little baby boy,
And the mother heart in her little breast
Fair burst with pride and joy.

“ He’s mine,” she cried,” ’Cause I sent for him,
And so, you see, I’m his mother,
’Cause God was good and sent him to me,
And he’s my baby brother.”

Brown and Tow.

I see in the glow of the dying fire
A picture of long ago,
A brown-haired lass and a tow-headed lad,
The first one quick and the other slow.

He stands on the hearth of the kitchen stove
And washes the dishes with care ;
She takes them in her tiny hands
And wipes with a wifely air.

"Now Perthy," she says in a tone of command,
"Thethe disheth want to be rinthed."
But he shakes his head as if to say
That as yet he's not convinced.

"O yeth, they do," she cries again,
And gives her head a fling.
"O no, they don't," is the drawled reply,
"A dish can't *want* anything."

When work is done and playtime comes,
'Tis the same old, old refrain,
The little brown head is quick and bright,
The tow is slow again.

Then bed-time comes, and side by side,
They say their prayers once more ;
Then Mother's kiss and the Sandman comes,
And one more day is o'er.

The years have flown, but the picture stays
In memory's gallery bright,
And comes to me as I sit and dream
By the glow of the fire tonight

Lois.

Dear little golden-haired lassie
With a face just kissingly sweet,
With tiny loving arms
And tireless little feet.

I wonder if you know, Girlie,
The strength of your baby hands ;
They hold our hearts more tightly
Than steel or iron bands.

Sometimes I shut my eyes, Girlie,
And think of the long ago,
Of a little brown-haired lassie,
One that I used to know.

And she was so like you, Girlie,
Though her hair was a different hue,
That I can't help thinking of her
Whenever I look at you.

But she isn't a girl any more, Dearie,
She's a woman now, you know,
For many and many a year has passed
Since we played so long ago.

And I wonder what life has in store, Girlie,
For you, so winsome and sweet ;
I wonder what paths will be trodden
By those tiny restless feet.

I wonder what tasks will be set, Girlie,
For your busy little hands ;
And if it will be here at home
Or in distant foreign lands.

But wherever it be, God keep you
From trouble and care and harm,
And give you just enough sorrow
To keep your heart tender and warm.

And so as the long years pass, Girlie,
And you are a woman grown,
May He watch over and guard you,
And keep you for his own.

Lovers Yit.

Jes' look at them two old folks
A settin' there side by side ;
'Pears like they jes' got married,
Though she don't look no bride.

She's fat an' forty if she's a day,
An' he'll never see fifty again ;
But she hangs to him like sweet sixteen
An' he acts like a gay young swain.

He's got his arm around her waist,
Ez fur ez it'll go ;
An' she's got her head on his shoulder,
Tho' her hair's 'most white, like snow.

It's fair amazin' to see sech folks
With nothin' to do but spoon ;
Ef ye jedge 'em by their goin's on,
Ye'd think' twas their honeymoon.

* * * *

Yes, that's mebbe what you thinks,
When ye look at us two old folks,
But we don't keer a rap if ye laugh,
An' we'll jine ye in yer jokes.

Fer Ma an' me, we've set this way,
At times, fer thirty year.
An' I tell ye now, it's jes' ez sweet
Ez the fust time we set here.

Fer love, ye know, the real old thing,
Not the stuff folks rant about,
Jes' grows right down to yer very boots,
Gits deeper, 'stid o' goin' out.

We both of us know we ain't so young,
But we're lovers yit, fer all that,
So ye c'n hev all the laugh ye want,
We're here, an' we don't keer a rap.

Fifty Years.

Fifty years we've labored now
In God's great vineyard wide ;
Fifty years of happy toil
For the Master, side by side.

Sometimes the days seemed long,
The hours dragged hard and slow ;
But loving friends and the Master's smile
Make them all too quickly go.

And now the time draws near
To fold our hands and rest ;
To sit and watch life's sunset
As it glows in the golden west.

But our hearts are young as ever,
For them, life's just begun ;
For evening on this side
Means Heaven's rising sun.

And so with friends around us,
Our hearts o'er flowed with love,
With peace and joy and happiness
That come from the Father above,

We greet with you this Christmas tide
With all its gladsome cheer,
And pray that every joy it brings
May be with you all the year.

Enoshima.

An island set in summer seas,
 An emerald ringed with diamond spray ;
Still temples 'neath the quiet trees
 And cliffs that rise to meet the day ;

Her shores the purling waters lave,
 Her hills are trod by myriad feet ;
Within her deep and silent cave
 The goddess Benten lies asleep ;

The turquoise sky is arched aloft,
 A gentle zephyr stirs the trees,
The winds and waters whisper soft,
 “ The jewel of the seven seas,
 Enoshima.”

O'Také.

You may come at noon or midnight,
You may come at break of day,
But you never catch her napping
And you never bring dismay ;
For O'Také, she's a jewel
And she's always on the job.

You may come with empty tummy
From your head down to your heels !
You may come with that all-gone-ness
That a starving fellow feels ;
But O'Také's got the fuel
And she'll stoke you for your job.

She can make you soup and all things,
And it only takes a minute,
Though you wonder where she gets 'em,
For there's everything right in it,
Salt and pepper, goodly savors,
When O'Také's on the job.

She's a brown and wrinkled angel
And her face is always bright ;
Though she hasn't got a halo
She will get one sure, all right,
When she ends her cheerful labors
And is no longer on the job.

A Runaway to His Hostess.

I hope you will pardon my running away,
For I really don't like doing things in that way.

I surely enjoyed every bit of the grub,
And the company, too, even though I'm a dub.

But I just *had* to tear myself off, as you know,
Or I couldn't have got where I wanted to go.

So pardon me, please, or I'll feel quite bereft ;
And give my love, too, to the folks that I left.

And excuse my bad writing, it's atrocious, I know,
But this had to be writ with the train on the go.

Pegasus Balks.

I just can't write a poem
In praise of O'Také,
For Pegâsus won't work,
He's just lazy *daké*.

So I'll e'en send my thanks
In this halting old rhyme
And leave the *real* poem
Till some other time.

So please do forgive
The faults in the meter ;
For if you don't do it,
I'll—no, I won't either.

Tokyo Ain't Got Nothin' on Us.

Tokyo thinks she's just somebody,
An' she makes a awful fuss,
But I'll tell ye now right smack
She ain't got a thing on us.

They got some likely younguns,
An' their twins, they ain't so wuss,
But you put it down an' nail it,
They ain't got a thing on us.

Mebbe we're a leetle slower,
'Cause that's jest the way with us;
But we allus git thar sometime,
An' Tokyo's got nothin' on us.

Fer we've ketched 'em up right smartly,
We don't hatta take their dus',
'Cause our twins is better'n theirn is,
They ain't got a thing on us.

We've a girlie, dimpled darlin',
An' the sweetes' leetle cuss,
They make a fella feel like hollerin'
"Tokyo ain't got a thing on us."

Ef ye jest take one squint at 'em,
Then ye'll sure agree with us,
Ourn is the sweetes', cutes' younguns,
The world's got nothin' on us.

You Are Old.

“You are old, Father Franklin,” the children cried,
“And your hair is all mingled with gray.
Yet you tickle and tease
Till we’re all ill at ease.
Now tell us the reason, we pray.”

“When I was a boy,” Father Franklin replied,
“I knew little kids pretty well ;
And there’s nothing will please ’em
Like it does when I tease ’em ;
And that’s every bit I can tell.”

“You are old, Mother Mira,” the young folks cried,
“And your hair is all turning to snow ;
Yet you like us young folks,
Our quips and our jokes ;
And the reason we’d sure like to know.”

“When I was a girl”, Mother Mira replied,
“My life was so happy and jolly,
That my heart is not cold,
Though I seem to be old,
And I’m happy and gay still, by golly.”

“You are old, Father Franklin”, the young folks cried,
“And you always walk out with a stick ;
Yet your heart is still gay
As with us you play ;
Now tell us the reason right quick.”

“When I was a youth”, Father Franklin replied,
“I learned well that youngsters like fun,
So though I am old

My heart is not cold,
And I still like to cut up like one."

"You are old, Mother Mira," the young folks cried,
"And your step is no longer quite spry ;
 Yet to all you're a mother,
 To one and to tother ;
And to know your good reasons we sigh."

"When I was still young," Mother Mira replied,
"I had kids of my own and this act is
 To mother and pet
 All our young people yet
Just to keep my hand in and to practise."

Nursery Rhymes in Japanese.

I.

Pin wo miru to,
Sore hiroe ;
So shite suru to
Un ga yoi.

Pin wo miru to,
Oite okaru,
Sono hi, sono hi,
Taihen komaru.

II.

Petero, Petero, pankin wo kui ;
Kare no tsuma wa mochinikui :
Pankin no naka ni hakobi oki,
Yoku tamochite, Ōyorokobi.

III.

Yasume, yasume,
Nemuitaro.
Mate yo, mate yo,
Osoijiro.

Nabe wo kake yo,
Taishokusaburo,
Yasumu mae ni
Chotto tabero.

IV.

Yuki chan, Yuki chan, muzukashii,
Hana ga saita ka, chotto mi ;
Gin no suzu to umi no kai,
Kirei na jotchan sorotta wai.

V.

Taro to yuri
Yama nobori,
Mizu wo kunde ita.

Taro taori,
Atama wo ori,
Yuri ga koronde kita.

VI.

Take no uma ni
Tokyo ye yuku ;
Shiroi uma ni
Baasan wo miru.

Yubi ni yubiwa
Ashi ni suzu,
Doko ye ittemo
Chinchirin naru.

VII.

Kutsu no naka ni
Baasan ga atta ;
Kodomo ga okute,
Taihen komatta.

Pan to okai to wo
Ippai kuwashita,
Shiri tataite
Sugu neakashita.

VIII.

Nishin Uotaro wa
Abura kirau ;
Sono tsuma Yuki wa
Abura negau ;
Shita de ofutari wa
Sara wo arau.

IX.

Tsuno no Kotaro
Sumi ni suwaru,
Kurisumasu no kashi wo
Tabeta wai.

Yubi wo sashi,
Ume wo dashi,
Ohgoe kakete,
"Boku erai".

X.

Pin to hari,
Pin to hari ;
Yome morawaba
Taihen komari.

XI.

Chinchirin chin,
Neko, baiorin,
Ushi ga tsuki wo tonda ;
Koinu ga mite,
Waratte ite,
Saji to sara ga nige kekkon da.

XII.

Ne, ne, ko botchan,
Eda ni sageru ;
Kaze fuku tambi ni
Eda ga yureru.

Eda ga oreru to,
Abunaku naru ;
Eda, botchan, mina wa
Ochite komaru.

XIII.

Mariya wa kohitsuji ga atta,
Sono ke ga fukakute masshirokatta.

Mariya itsu mo dokka ye yuku,
Sono hitsuji ga tashikani tsuku.

Aru hi gakko ye isshoni tonda ;
Kodomo ga mite waratte asonda.

Sensei okotte, soto ye dasu ;
Hitsuji ga niwa de Mariya wo matsu.

Mariya ga deru to, tonde mukou ;
Kare ga ite, daijobu omou.

Kodomo ga mite, sensei ye yuki,
"Naze hitsuji wa Mariya ga suki?"

Sono kotae ga hakkiri zo,
"Mariya hitsuji ga suki desu," to.

XIV.

Furui Baketsu.

Ikani tōtōi, waga furusato
Omoi izureba, koishi-i ;
Hatake to makiba, shigetta mori,
Hiroi koike to mizukuruma,
Hashi to taki no iwa mo aru ;
Chichi no jitaku to soba no koya,
Ido no furui baketsu wo mo.

Furui baketsu,
Sono wa ga tetsu,
Koke no haeta
Sono tsurube.

Blue Monday.

So here hath been passing another blue day,
And I fear the darn thing has slipped useless away.

Out of black darkness this blue day was born;
Into still blacker at night will return.

Then let her go, fellows, I don't care a whoop,
There's another day coming in which to recoup.



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